



"FREE ENTERPRISE.

THE AMERICAN DREAM."

HORATIO ALGER GONE MAD

ON DRUGS IN LAS VEGAS.

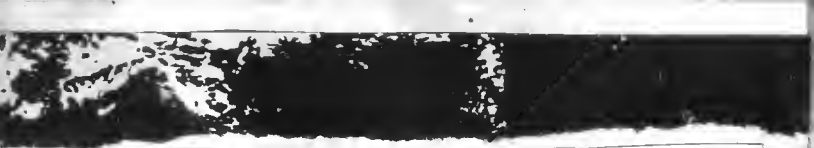
DO IT NOW: PURE GONZO JOURNALISM."



Hunter Stockton Thompson


July 18, 1937 - February 20, 2005





the reason we even decided to start OD was as a response to the death of Hunter S. Thompson, and a profound responsibility almost, to help fill the void that was certain to be left in the wake. we had other reasons of course – there's lots of mechanisms required to create a beast – but Hunter's death provided the fuel we needed to give our creation life.

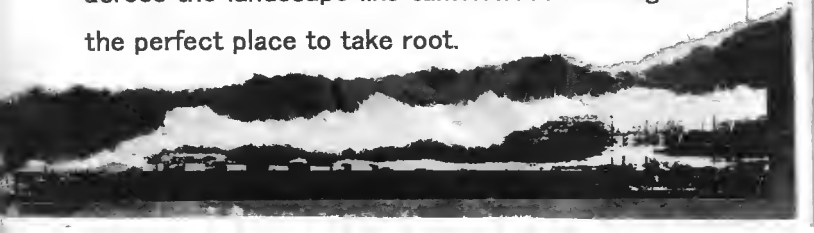
so, naturally, we wanted to pay our respects to the late Gonzo journalist, while at the same time begin writing more seriously ourselves. our second issue was supposed to be the memorial issue, then it got pushed to the third issue, then the fourth. then we decided we would do a general "great writers" themed issue where we would pay homage to numerous authors who's seeds of ideas have taken root within us.



anyway, it kept getting put off and put off and a year later we still hadn't done it. frankly, the task of creating such an homage seemed an overwhelmingly difficult one. how to write about such an inspirational writer, who in turn, already wrote so much about himself.

but that's the thing though isn't it. that he was such a part of his own stories. not a storyteller, but a storymaker, who could then share his own experiential creation with ease.

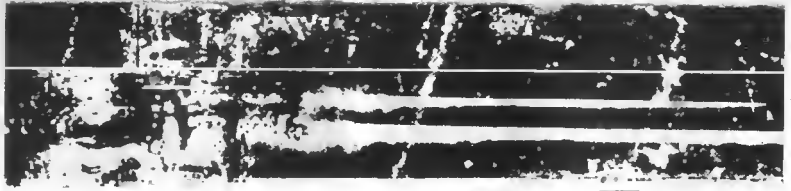
he could leave other people with their own stories, plant the seed within them and watch them roll across the landscape like tumbleweed seeking out the perfect place to take root.



in our opinion, his death marked the end of the individual journalists voice. he was the last to write for himself, truly, above and beyond anyone else. he was the last not to fear conviction over anything he did – in fact, inviting it at times – testing the media machine and its many intricate functions. he was the last to speak his own truth. the last to spill himself onto the page. Hunter S. Thompson was the last to seek out the real story – the one we didn't always want to hear, and he didn't always want to tell – and share it with an honest brutality.

he was the last rockstar journalist. if not the only one.







and so all we're left with this obscure image of what Gonzo journalism stands for; a morphing figure that refuses definition and demands free reign, shifting through phases of drug-induced realizations and cold sober reflections. now encapsulated within the fist with two thumbs, that refuses to unclench a single muscle.

poised like a sledgehammer.

and so, it was decided that the best way to tackle this project was with comfort and ease – to be cold and honest yet inviting, and not to care too much about defending or offending anyone. and, of course, to spill from the subconscious experience directly – the story behind the story – where the spirit of Gonzo lives.



so this is as much a tribute to Hunter the man, as it is to Raul Duke (his Gonzo-induced alter-ego), and the many precedents they have set, rules they have broken, and lives they have influenced by taking the ride. right through to the end.





True Libertarian, Hunter S. Thompson, who coined the term "Gonzo Journalism" to describe his intense, vivid, personal, minimally-edited approach to reporting, choosing his own 'Deathsytyle' over his own body and very life as he had always chosen his Own Lifestyle. The man who brought free-flowing, entheogen and psychedelic-rich, intensely personal journalism to America; the man who wrote the counter-culture classics "Hell's Angels" and "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas", the man who's drug-filled life was turned into two movies - Hunter Stockton Thomson - is dead at 67.

The lover of guns and seclusion, died the evening of February 20th 2005. Pitkin County Sheriff Bob Braudis, a friend of Thompson's, confirmed the death.

Thompson's son, Juan, discovered his body Sunday evening: *"Appeared to be self-inflicted and intentional"* Pitkin County sheriff's spokesman Joe DiSalvo said. DiSalvo refused to say whether a note was found, but a family statement said *"Thompson had taken his own life."*

He left behind...his first wife, Sandra Dawn Thompson Tarlo, with whom he had one son, Juan Fitzgerald Thompson and his second wife, longtime assistant, Anita Thompson, a native of Fort Collins.

Also among the survivors, a grandson, William Thompson, who I'll put odds on, may become a gifted writer one day, if he researches the style of the American counter culture Icon of all time, his Grandfather, realizing that sometimes, the most positively influential role models we adapt to are the ones we examine but reject.

Some people compare my writing to Thompson's although I never did read fully any of his books and have preferred Vonnegut. "Where the Buffalo Roam" however, is my favorite movie, and if there ever was a 'Laslo on the campaign trail' it's my buddy and Campaign manager George Bailey in the 2001 B.C. Provincial election.

Sometimes you need someone with extraordinary exuberance and high spirits and sense of urgency to pep you up by their 'contact high'. Happiness and Joy with sense of purpose can be as powerful and motivating as anger or some drugs.

Whoa, I got bit carried away with the Homily but..

by John "Flash" Gordon



"Tell me, Mr.Kemp. Just why are you leaving St.Louis where your family has lived for generations and where you could, for the asking, have a niche carved out for yourself and your.. children so that you might live in peace and security for the rest of your well-fed days?"

"Well, you see, I..ah..well, I get a strange feeling. I..ah..I sit around here and look at this place and I just want to get out, you know? I want to flee..ah..maybe I should say I feel a rubber sack coming down on me..purely symbolic, you know..the venal ignorance of the fathers being visited on the sons..but..well..I get 'The Fear'."

"Come on, Kemp, you know I can't use that; Rubber Sacks, The Fear."

"Goddamnit, man, I tell you it's fear of the sack! Tell them that this man Kemp is fleeing St.Louis because he suspects the sack is full of something ugly and he doesn't want to be put in with it. He senses this from afar. This man Kemp is not a model youth. He grew up with two toilets and a football, but somewhere along the line he got warped. Now all he wants is Out, Flee. He doesn't give a good shit for St.Louis or his friends or his family or anything else..he just wants to find someplace where he can breathe.."...from *The Rum Diary*

Strange waves of confusion and
paranoia.

Shifting between the perspectives that
this dingy rust-coloured motel room
is the extent of the universe,
to wondering if any one else
can hear our madness
to becoming resolved in the idea
that nothing really matters.

Enjoy the ride.

"Die, Roman scum!" Chewy, leaps
across the room and tackles a
framed print of a Roman Soldier.

"Evil Bastard. Thing kept staring at me."
Chewy stands over it. Teeth clenched,
chest flared.

Completely ripped on acid.
Wipes the spit from his chin.

If just kept staring, up from Ready.
the smoke butts, beer bottles,
ripped up bible pages & nachos,

Plotting it's revenge.

^{Fuck.}
It's going to do something.
we have to stop it,

"Get that thing out of here!"

Flashes of colour shoot across the room ^{Panic.}
^{Sirens.}

The Roman climbs from the frame
and we heave it into the tub
and crank the hot water

just in time.

"That was too close."

~~The~~ The three of us stood there watch-
ing the hot water melt the canvas

^{from the frame.}
The colours faded and swam
from our vision.

But just as we
were about to —

"Just finish the fucking story!"
What about the glands?"

Hunter S. Thompson... um... snuff pornographer.

I love the God of Gonzo as much as anyone. Love him. Really do. But search the web, and you'll see there's some nasty news speculation out there, to the tune that Hunter may not, in fact, have committed suicide on February 20th, 2005. Or if he did, he did it for a more immediate, pressing reason than simple mortal despair. The *possible* truth is very ugly. So if you adore Thompson for his manic drug-fueled journalistic bent, for the exemplary way he lived life right at the knife's edge; if Thompson is your hero and you only want to ever think of him with unbridled positivity, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER. The following - based on testimonials, news clippings, and web gossip - will tarnish your image of the man. I apologize.

So alright... In 1982, a 12 year-old boy named Johnny Gosch was abducted in Des Moines, Iowa. Over the course of the decade, his disappearance would be the most famous case in a string of child kidnappings, all leading to incredible and almost ludicrous tales of brain-washed (via the C.I.A.'s MKULTRA mind control experiments), drugged and tortured child sex slaves - of both genders - kidnapped for use as playthings by the American political and business elite. The scandal - reported at various times in major publications like *The Washington Times*, before immediate and sustained media black-outs - heads all the way up to to the Reagan-era White House, and vice-president George Bush Sr.

The most publicized first-hand revelations come from Paul Bonacci, another child abductee, who, after been indicted for perjury in front of a grand jury in 1990, won, in 1999, a \$1 million civil lawsuit against Larry King (not the TV guy), former head of the Franklin Credit Union in Nebraska. Bonacci claimed to have aided in Johnny Gosch's

kidnapping at King's behest, was forced to molest him, and that Larry King imposed Gosch into this circle of government-sanctioned pedophilia. He spoke of a vast network of children abused and trained by the government to blackmail key politicians with sexually compromising photos, plus stories of gun's shoved in children's mouths, group sodomy, sustained beatings, food deprivation, forced drug use, branding, and near-constant rape.

Ex-state senator John DeCamp wrote a book about it, "The Franklin Cover-Up". His court statements went a long way towards Bonacci winning his lawsuit. In one of their private discussions, Paul told of being flown into Nevada with another young boy, whom he did not know. There, they picked up another passenger before heading to a remote secluded location. Bonacci was forced to have sex with the younger boy, who in turn was also forced into sex with adult males. The boy was then killed before his eyes with a gunshot to the head. Bonacci claims to have been forced to copulate with the corpse.

That extra passenger had brought a camera and filmed the entire savage event. Bonacci recalled his name as HUNTER THOMPSON. The 'secluded location' is believed to be Bohemian Grove, a notorious retreat for male political/business elite in the Californian redwood forests, a kind of glorified boyscout camp with Masonic/Druidic rituals, including a yearly mock human sacrifice ceremony known as the 'Cremation of Care'.

Another figure is photographer Russel E. "Rusty" Nelson. Rusty claims to have been employed by Larry King - also a Republican Party activist - to snap those all-important

sexually incriminating photos. He admits to 10 000s of images, but never pornographic – insisting there was another photographer, a Rusty Nelson-lookalike, employed to take the nastier and very illegal, hardcore pedophilia shots. Nelson was thus blackmailed as well. He did prison time based on a van full of found images, and in the process spilled his story. He claimed to have turned down a large six-figure sum from Hunter S. Thompson for help in the production of a snuff film.

There are countless more stores – Allsha Owen was convicted in 1991 of perjury for stating that she'd had sex as a minor with Omaha Chief of Police Robert Wadman, Larry King, and a Nebraska District Court judge. She was given nine to twenty-seven years in prison, many in solitary confinement; the most brutal treatment in Nebraska history for a female first-time offender. Author John DeCamp believes this was to keep her silent, and warn other child victims to do the same.

Yet little news has emerged about the 'sex slave ring' in years. Cut to 2005...

Hunter S. Thompson dies of a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. On the same day, word spreads about a White House press reporter named 'Jeff Gannon' – a secret-service approved alias for Jeff Guckart – known for having intimate White House access, and a close relationship with George W. Bush. Research proves that Gannon's journalistic credentials are moot, and he's merely a Republican media plant. Interestingly, Gannon had formally advertised himself as a male escort on a gay personals website. Speculators became convinced that Gannon is in fact the long lost Johnny Gosch, now grown-up, under an alias, and being used in an alternate brain-washed capacity to serve government interests.



Two days later, Rusty Nelson is re-arrested for failing to register a new address - a requirement for convicted sex-offenders. The media black-out was immediate. In 2006, Noreen Gosch, Johnny's mother, finds a series of photographs of her son Johnny dropped on her doorstep, bound and gagged at the time of his kidnapping. Noreen, a tireless voice for kidnapped children (www.johnnygosch.com), is convinced her son is alive, but refuses to commit to the Gannon/Guckart/Gosch theory.

This could all be coincidence. But there's a chance that something BIG was about to be revealed publicly, and the powers that be decided a few people needed silencing. In Hunter's case, perhaps he feared his own exposure. A separate theory of his death suggests that Hunter knew information about the 9-11 conspiracy/cover-up, and that's why he checked out early. But that's a whole 'nuther conspiracy theory...

I pray that Thompson's involvement is an immense misunderstanding, and that this whole insane cycle of craziness is pure paranoid dementia. But Thompson is known for getting heavily involved in his journalistic subjects (think of the Hell's Angels...), and there exists a real trail of missing/dead children and imprisoned victims who claim involvement in this far-ranging prostitution ring. There are also key official figures - like government lobbyist Craig Spence, allegedly in charge of male prostitute visits to the White House - who have died under mysterious circumstances. Almost all were officially deemed suicides.

You don't have to dig deep for this stuff. Google any name or key word in this article. Check them out on that reliable online encyclopedia, Wikipedia. Then keep digging, and digging... cause it just gets worse.

Sweet dreams.

By Dave Bertrand

the night before I left Vancouver is one I spent awake with coffee and the fear, talking with Woosley while he priced bread at the seven-eleven on Nanaimo and First. I gave him all but four of my zines when I cleared out my room, which had been staring back at me, naked, for a while now, intimidating me out of the house. At nine-thirty am I was standing in two feet of snow on the side of the road, soaked from the rain, and on my way to Kelowna, stuck with a coward who latched himself onto me on the bus, but couldn't cope with the weather after twenty fucking minutes, and retreated to the city. |

I've been in hibernation here mainly, and a really anti-social hermitlike hibernation. drinking coffee all night and climbing rooves with my bare hands, and just aimlessly wandering until seven-thirty in the morning, and then vomiting black coffee in front of commuters at the bus stop, just to remind them. makes for a good ice breaker to bus smokers after sometimes, but mostly they just turn up their heads and look for the bus, so I continue onward.

jkjshnu, nalya, f. nf. nksdaktf.
fckkscakltan, spkval, smokes after
nkyv, yomofies, jfckand, jfjdyt: free need



THERE ARE ENDLESS OTHER MOMENTS AND experiences that I was fortunate enough to have gone through with Hunter, far too many to write about at this time. I cherish the seconds and milliseconds I shared with him. I was well aware that it was all going to happen only once in a lifetime. These were fantastic experiences. Some of the best moments of my life were happening to me and, luckily, I knew it.

Speaking as a fan: You owe it to yourselves to not be cheated, or shortchanged, by believing merely the myth. Read the work. Read his books. Understand that his road and his methods were his and only his. He was, in no way, irresponsible when it came to his writing. He lived it, breathed it—twenty-four hours a day. There are those of you who, based on Hunter's journeys and the mad stories that surround his life and memory, might think that because of his lifestyle, the excess and the wild rantings, he was simply some hedonistic lunatic, or as he always put it, "an elderly dope fiend." I promise you, he was not. He was a Southern gentleman, all chivalry and charm. He was a hilarious and rascally little boy. A truth seeker. He was a hypersensitive medium who channeled the underlying currents of truth, concealed in veils of silken lies that we have become accustomed to swallowing.

Hunter was a genius who revolutionized writing in the same way that Marlon Brando had done with acting, as significant, essential and valuable as Dylan, Kerouac and the Stones. He was, without question, the most loyal and present friend I have ever had the honor of knowing. I am privileged to have belonged to the small fraternity of people in his life who were allowed to see more than most. He was elegance personified. I miss him. I missed him when he was alive. But, dear Doctor, I will see you again.

BY JOHNNY DEPP

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Grim memories and bad flashbacks.

This place is getting to me.

I think I'm getting the fear.

possibility of physical and mental collapse *very real.*

No sympathy for the Devil, keep that in mind.

Buy the ticket, take the ride.

puddles of glazed ketchup on the

Bureau and

Every reason to believe

that we'd pushed our luck a bit too far...

What was I doing here? What was the meaning?

all these coconut husks and crushed honeydew rinds

evidence of excessive consumption of almost every
type of drug known to man since 1544 AD.

No one should be asked to deal with this

Bad waves of paranoia, madness.

FEAR AND LOATHING

intolerable vibrations.

Get out!

The weasels were closing in, smell the ugly

here we were, ripped twisted, good people wired

into a survival trip

A classic affirmation of everything right and true.

A gross physical salute to the fantastic possibilities

of life.

Only for those with true grit.

(Not the hoof prints of your normal god-

fearing... It was too savage, too aggressive.)

Maybe it meant something. Maybe not, but no explanation...

I'm guilty. I understand that.

Shit, why argue?

did I say that?

Or just think it?

Was I talking?

Did they hear me?



REMEMBER HUNTER BY THE CLINKING
OF ICE IN A
WHISKEY GLASS.



FOOTBALL SEASON IS OVER

No More Games.
No More Bombs.
No More Walking.
No More Fun.
No More Swimming.

67

That is 17 years past 50.
17 more than I needed or wanted.

Boring.
I am always bitchy.
No fun -- for anybody. 67.
You are getting Greedy.
Act your old age.

Relax -- This won't hurt.



A MOMENT OF SILENCE ; A QUIET
PUFF AND A STICK OF INCENSE..
For Hunter S Thompson, who freed us from sterile
"journalism". He Made us think that 'Hell, we could
write the same,' or, 'we had been there too, Man.
Wodan: *If you have reached the point where your
quality of life has degraded beyond what you can
accept as being all you have to look forward to,
Then yes, suicide is the courageous choice.*
But the point, as I see it, is not whether or not
his suicide was courageous, or pointless. But that

he chose his path. Throughout his life he chose his path, and damn anyone who got in his way. And at the end, he didn' t mellow or give in to infirmity, but chose his path. For better or worse.

And, THAT, takes great courage.

That's exactly what I meant, Wodan, without encouraging suicide, which is generally the ultimate in selfishness, or for that matter euthanasia.

The point is that Hunter never paid care to social mores, sensibilities, or socially shared values or conventions over his own freedom of choice. Though a capitalist, he was still a libertarian, in terms of taking charge over his own well being or not, choosing to look risk death through polydrug use in the face over public criticism even the ire of editors; to balk at journalistic conventions that force you to pander to lowest common I.Q. point and hide your opinions behind two faced Jaunus, neither letting the coin fall yeah or nay, until the argument is resolved by apathy to either view.

He expressed his bias .He reported on life 'subjectively' and surrealistically. He may not have described facts but he unveiled the Truth.

I read a book once in university, by a phd whom said that choosing and appropriate ' death style' ; to die the way you have lived and in tribute and resolution of your goals and aspirations ;be it a Viking in battle, a lover of an STD, a drinker of gin, Jack Herer of a heart attack or I of lung failure unrelated to my hiv+ status, like emphysema.

Whether you wish to die all tucked into bed with your grandma wife beside you, or in a firey blaze on the race track . "Make Your life and the consequence of death --your choice" was the prof' s suggestion

Myself, I am a coward whom fears the wrath and judgment of God. I feel He would be pissed off if I chose the time and hour of my death, did not leave it to His mercy.

Man cannot know the time or hour or moment of the true fulfillment of their destiny, the completion of their journey, but it seems Hunter S Thompson, made his Own choice of the hour, calling God' s trump demanding him to show his face or pour him another drink and deal the cards again.

by John 'Flash' Gordon



"So, it's going to be a pile of rocks about, uh, 100 ft tall. And then, uh, a giant chrome cylinder. More like a - in a conical - sort of round and tapering down to the top. 150 ft. tall. Hollow inside with, um, on top of the sort of big arm will be a double - a fist with the double thumb symbol.

"Oh, yes. it's in the will. It's all described.

It's going to be a little hard to do with megone but, uh, it could be a nice monument.

"After the cremation we put the ashes in a um, canister and shoot it out the top of the fist, over the valley.

Say, about 500 ft it explodes and the ashes drift all over.

That's it.

That's my funeral."

HST - Spoken in 1979 on the Omnibus Doc. F&L in Gonzovision

THEN TAKE ME DISAPPEARIN
THROUGH THE SMOKE RINGS OF MY MIND
DOWN THE FOGGY RUINS OF TIME
FAR PAST THE FROZEN LEAVES
THE HAUNTED FRIGHTENED TREES
OUT TO THE WINDY BEACH
FAR FROM THE TWISTED REACH OF CRAZY SORROW

YES TO DANCE BENEATH THE DIAMOND SKY
WITH ONE HAND WAVING FREE
SILHOUETTED BY THE SEA
CIRCLED BY THE CIRCUS SANDS
WITH ALL MEMORY AND FATE
DRIVEN DEEP BENEATH THE WAVES
LET ME FORGET ABOUT TODAY UNTIL TOMORROW

HEY MR. TAMBOURINE MAN

PLAY A SONG FOR ME

I'M NOT SLEEPY AND

THERE IS NO PLACE I'M GOING TO

HEY MR. TAMBOURINE MAN

PLAY A SONG FOR ME

IN THE JINGLE JANGLE MORNING

I'LL COME FOLLOWING YOU



1937 - 2005
